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One Halfpenny.

STARVING AND WOUNDED RUSSIANS IN THE HANDS OF THE JAPANESE.



On the roads between Mukden and the north of Tieling thousands of starving Russian soldiers, many of whom were wounded, have been captured by the Japanese, and there have been hundreds of such sad processions as that drawn by the artist, Mr. Max Cowper. The Russian prisoners are here seen marching under guard, the wounded man being assisted by two of the Japanese Ambulance Corps.

ONE STEP NEARER HARBIN.

Japanese Occupy Positions 20
Miles North of Mukden.

ANGRY TSAR.

General Kuropatkin Deposed in an
Access of Temper.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, Monday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"At 4 a.m. on March 19 our detachment occupied Kaiyuan, twenty miles north of Tieling.

"The enemy afterwards attempted counter attack, but was repulsed.

"The enemy burnt bridges on the main road south of Kaiyuan. He also destroyed a part of the railway bridge.

"A number of Russian guns were found buried near Mukden."

TSAR'S FRENZIED RAGE.

Sudden Impulse of Anger Leads to General
Kuropatkin's Dismissal.

"From a well-informed source," states the Central News St. Petersburg correspondent, "I have received a statement concerning the dismissal of General Kuropatkin.

"The Emperor on the 16th received at Tsarsko-Selo a dispatch from General Kuropatkin, in which he begged the Tsar to give him permission to go to St. Petersburg for one month. The anger of the Tsar at the receipt of this message is stated to have been unbounded.

"He cried out and struck his writing-table with his fist. Then, calling to the General, the chief of his immediate guard, he said, 'Read that! What do you think about it?' General Hesse, who is a friend of General Kuropatkin, examined the dispatch, but said nothing.

"What further information have you?" inquired the Tsar. The General replied 'Nothing.' Then, calling for ink and paper, the Tsar with his own hand wrote two telegrams.

"The first, to General Kuropatkin, said, 'Leave granted, with resignation of general command.' The second, to General Linievitch, was as follows: 'I appoint you Commander-in-Chief of the armies in Manchuria.' The whole business was over in a few minutes, and the fate of General Kuropatkin was decided."

HORROR-STRIKEN HARBIN.

Russian Doctors Go Mad Amid Terrible
Scenes of Suffering.

PARIS, Monday.—The following telegram of yesterday's date appears in the "Petit Journal" to-day:—

"In Harbin there are in all sixty doctors and surgeons and 140 nurses to attend to the 50,000 wounded and 12,000 sick who are there at present. Chinese doctors have had to be called in.

"The mortality is frightful. Five thousand men have succumbed in the last week.

"The greater part of the carriages and trucks on which the wounded are piled up are brought into the railway sidings without their human freight being unloaded, and the goods station exhales a terrible stench, having become at once a hospital, a refuse heap, and a charnel house.

"Two doctors have gone mad in the midst of these horrors. It is feared that an epidemic will break out after the thaw.—Reuter.

PATRIOT AND PRISONER.

Japanese Admiration Excited by a Captured
Russian Officer.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

TOKIO, Monday.—"We all hope that Russia will lose Manchuria, for then our brothers and children and ourselves will not have to serve five years in that wretched country."

This seems the general opinion among the Russian rank and file, prisoners of war in Japan. All feelings of patriotism are completely absent.

The great favourite with the Japanese, however, is a young Lieutenant Mirski, who has three times attempted to escape. Retaken the third time he threw himself into the harbour at Matsuyama and tried to swim to a small island.

A Council of War solemnly condemned him to perpetual isolation, but it is generally thought that at the conclusion of the war the Mikado will grant a generous pardon to the brave officer, whose noble character, in the eyes of the Japanese, almost blots out that of his compatriots.

STAMPEDE HORRORS.

Scenes of the Russian Rout Depicted by
an Eye-Witness.

Reuter's correspondent with the defeated Russian army supplies some striking descriptions of the terrible scenes witnessed during the flight of the beaten army northwards.

Telegraphing from Mukden, he says:—

Everywhere the ashen faces of corpses in the midst of dead horses. Quarters of beef, which have been thrown away in haste, and bloodstained bandages strewn the roads. Shrapnel is bursting everywhere.

Dead and wounded, borne in shoulder-litters, mule-litters, carts, wagons, and Chinese vehicles are passing in an unending stream. Here a Russian and a Japanese, both wounded, side by side feeding each other.

Soft sunshine lights up the scene. On all the roadways grave-diggers at work, "chow" dogs shrinking from the shells—everywhere evidences that the two great armies have come to closer hand-grips than ever before.

BAYONET-BORNE PROVENDER.

A further telegram from Tieling says:—

"To describe the retreat is to picture a debris-strewn road and the marching soldiers increasing their loads by spearing bread, vegetables, and fruit on their bayonets, while at the same time discarding their heavy boots, Chinese garments, knapsacks, and blankets."

The Japanese hand grenades threw the retreating column into hopeless confusion. Daybreak disclosed the plain covered with riderless horses and horseless vehicles; fragments of harness, and heaps of stores and furniture.

BATCH OF DISASTERS.

Thirty-five Killed and Many Injured in
Three Terrible Explosions.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Eleven people have been killed, it is said, and twenty injured, in an explosion to-day at Brockton, Massachusetts.

A boiler in Messrs. Grover's shot factory exploded, totally wrecking a building in which some hundreds of employees were working. Many of the workers were buried in the debris, and the building caught fire.

Two explosions have completely wrecked the connected Rushrun and Ridash mines, near Thurmond, West Virginia, and twenty-four lives have been lost.

After the first explosion, in which ten lives were lost, a rescuing party of twenty went down. But only six returned.

They complained, says Reuter, of the recklessness of their companions in proceeding with a naked light faster than fresh air was supplied.

SCHOOLHOUSE PORT ARTHUR.

Besiegers Try a Flag of Truce, but Fail to
Obtain an Entry.

Miss Aspinall, the besieged Shelton school-mistress, still holds the fortress. All attempts to eject her from her schoolhouse have failed.

Another flag of truce was reached yesterday, when the Rev. Dr. Walker, accompanied by one of his co-managers, knocked at the door of the fort and demanded its capitulation. Miss Aspinall opened the door a few inches, and Dr. Walker read the document calling upon her to surrender within seven days. But Miss Aspinall intimated that she would stick to her guns.

So far the villagers have maintained a neutral attitude towards the belligerents, although one or two yokels have ranged themselves alongside the besiegers.

"The defence of the building," says a *Daily Mirror* representative, who obtained access to the stronghold in the guise of war correspondent, "is being conducted under the greatest of difficulties, but the garrison maintains its intention of holding the fort until the last."

KILLED IN MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE.

Herr Gustavus Stein, the lately retired German Consul here, says a Laffan telegram from Puebla (Mexico), has been found shot dead in the house of Antonio Couttelene, a multi-millionaire.

The body was found laid out in the parlour with a number of candles burning round it. Couttelene and his nephew have been arrested. It is believed Herr Stein was lured to the house, and that the murder was premeditated.

KAISER'S BLOW AT FRANCE.

The announcement of the projected visit to Morocco of the German Emperor has caused great excitement in that country, says Reuter.

Influential Moors state that his Majesty's visit will practically give the death-blow to French influence in Morocco, and that Germany will now help the Government.

PEACE FOR EUROPE.

Far Eastern War Frees Germany from
Danger of Invasion.

"There is no prospect of a European war," declared Herr Bebel, the famous Social Democrat, in the Reichstag yesterday in opposing increased expenditure on the German army.

In support of this (according to Reuter) he pointed out that Russia was becoming every month less fit to carry out her obligations as the ally of France, and even the "Temps" was demanding peace.

Seizing a moral from the war in the Far East, Herr Bebel claimed that the Russian cavalry had been of no use, whilst the Japanese, in spite of their deficiency in mounted arms, had won the day.

"With us," commented the speaker, "the cavalry is considered in certain circles as sporting troops."

A supporter of the measure remarked that mere enthusiasm did not suffice to secure victory, as was proved by the Boer war.

NIGHT OF TERROR.

Many Knife Outrages Scare the Peaceful
Citizens of Paris.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—A veritable night of horrors for Paris was that of yesterday.

During the course of the night no fewer than nine men were carried to Parisian hospitals in a seriously wounded condition. Before morning one had died, and several are now reported in a hopeless condition.

One person broke out in a wine shop at Aubervilliers, in which a man known as "Blanc-Blanc" was the aggressor.

His wife, who was present, slipped a knife into his hand, and in a second one of his adversaries lay mortally wounded on the floor.

The pair then went home, but in the night the place was attacked by the friends of the murdered man. They broke the windows, forced an entrance to his room, and stabbed Blanc-Blanc in several places with a knife, leaving him for dead.

In six other cases men were dangerously stabbed. One of the victims was Clement Maupoint, a pastrycook, of the Boulevard de la Villette. Three men entered his shop, and in a few minutes ate up about twenty cakes, and left after jerking at his demand for payment, for following them he was rewarded with a knife-thrust.

WHERE WOMAN RULES.

Explorers Find a Black Semiramis in New
Guinea Wilds.

Most interesting researches have been made by the members of the Cooke-Daniels expedition, which has just returned to England from British New Guinea.

Having penetrated into an hitherto unknown region, the explorers discovered a large district ruled over by a kind of "She" woman of unlimited power named Kaloka, whose authority has been recognised by the Government.

Consequently women were looked upon as a privileged class and were garbed in petticoats, the men for the most part not wearing anything.

Feasting and dancing, in progress for twenty-four hours, were the feature of a great durbar the explorers were fortunate enough to witness, to which immense numbers of tribesmen had travelled sixty miles in canoes.

"WEE FREES" STONED.

Disgraceful Scene After a Religious Meeting
in Scotland.

While some sixty-five "Wee Frees" were holding a meeting at Auchtermuchty under the pastorage of an Edinburgh divinity student, several hundred United Churchmen gathered outside.

When the "Wee Frees" emerged they were vigorously hustled and stoned were thrown. The student was followed to his hotel by a hostile crowd.

The police are seeking the ringleaders in this disgraceful scene.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Baron von Hammerstein, Prussian Minister of the Interior, died at Berlin yesterday afternoon.

Heavy damage has been done by a serious fire at the Dunlop Tyre Company's Works at Aston, Birmingham.

Three hundred and thirty-nine deaths have taken place from plague in India in a single week. Over 13,000 persons have been inoculated with serum with excellent results.

During his name-day celebrations yesterday the Pope received the Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Bellingham in private audience, and pronounced a blessing on their approaching union.

ARMY SCANDAL.

Government Promises Inquiry Into
Charges Against Contractors.

EXCITED HOUSE.

The intense public interest that has been displayed in the allegations of the Auditor-General in respect to the South African damaged stores has had the effect of considerably changing the attitude of the Government with regard to the whole subject.

While last week Mr. Balfour and Mr. Arnold-Forster held out no hope of being able to afford time for the discussion of the matter, they are now quite anxious to fix the earliest possible day for the subject to be probed to the bottom in public.

Among all sections of the House of Commons there is a feeling of deep dissatisfaction regarding the revelations, and there is no doubt some scapegoat will have to be found.

The War Office are anxious to blame the contractors, who, on the other hand, contend that the goods were sound when delivered, and that it was due to blundering officialdom that the goods were sacrificed as they were.

TO ESTABLISH RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Balfour is credited with having given the whole matter his close attention, and is said, in fact, to be responsible for the new vigour which Mr. Arnold-Forster is now displaying in dealing with the matter.

Members in expectant mood crowded the House of Commons yesterday to hear the Secretary for War reply to the questions on the subject.

"No person has or will be reprimanded," he said, "until a full inquiry has been made and until the responsibility for malpractices has been established."

"When that responsibility has been established the Army Council will immediately take such steps as may be necessary."

Last year, when Mr. Arnold-Forster was informed that "there was reason to view some of these transactions with great suspicion," he immediately appointed a Committee, with General Sir William Butler as chairman, to investigate the report on the whole matter to the Army Council.

That inquiry, added Mr. Forster, was still proceeding.

In reply to Mr. Norman, who asked for the names of the contractors mentioned anonymously in the report of the Controller and Auditor-General, Mr. Arnold-Forster said they were the following:—

Messrs. E. Stepney and Co.,
Messrs. Meyer and Co.
Messrs. Wilson and Worthington.

Mr. Arnold-Forster added that he was not aware of any reason for withholding those names.

CONTRACTORS SUFFER SEVERELY.

"It must not be assumed," added the War Minister, "that the firms mentioned are in any way guilty of malpractices."

Mr. Macdonochie, the name of whose firm has been associated with the scandals, asked the Prime Minister to expedite the discussion on the liability of contractors in regard to the recent disclosures, as they were suffering severely by the delay.

"I can assure my hon. friend," said the Prime Minister sympathetically, "it is the earnest desire of the Government to bring on the discussion at the first moment possible. But to bring it on before the facts are fully before the House would not be in the interests of the House, the public, or the contractors."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Long Cheered on First Appearance as
Irish Secretary.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—Mr. Walter Long had a warm welcome from his friends to-day when he essayed to wrestle with close upon thirty questions addressed to him covering almost every detail of Irish government.

He did his work pretty well, and answered good-humouredly to the supplementary questions that were showered on him, about which, of course, he could know very little.

There is a rather troublesome resolution on the paper for Wednesday evening in the name of Mr. Ainsworth, which once again raises the fiscal question, and, although some of the Government supporters desire it to be a "go-as-you-please-affair," it is probable that the Government will again shelter itself behind "the previous question."

It is interesting to hear the denunciations of both Radicals and Nationalists against Lord Rosebery. Many of the former regard him as the enemy of the Liberal Party, while the latter will actively oppose any of Lord Rosebery's supporters at the general election.

Mr. Redmond intends at the earliest moment to demand an official declaration from the Liberals as to whether they agree or not with Lord Rosebery's views, and their reply may lead to an interesting situation.

MORE REVELATIONS OF SCOTLAND YARD.

Grave Suggestions Made Against the Integrity of Detectives.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

If what the authorities of Scotland Yard say about Mr. John James McCarthy, formerly detective-inspector of the F Division of Police, is true, then Mr. McCarthy was a very unsatisfactory officer.

And if what Mr. McCarthy says of many of his former colleagues is true, then the detective force still possesses a number of very unsatisfactory officers.

In the course of the slander action which Mr. McCarthy is bringing, to vindicate his character, against a bookmaker named Curtis, there were put to Mr. McCarthy yesterday questions that indicate the general indictment that Scotland Yard—apart from the charge of bribery contained in the slander attributed to Mr. Curtis—has made against him.

Mr. Gill, while asking these questions, asserted that in the case of gambling clubs, which afterwards were successfully raided under a different officer, Mr. McCarthy, although he received bad reports from his subordinates, failed to take any steps towards a prosecution.

From Gambler's Wife.

Several letters from members of the public, complaining that gambling clubs were allowed to flourish, were read in court. One of these letters was from a gambler's wife, who said:—

"Sometimes my husband does not come home from the club at all, or with all his money gone, which is ruin to myself and my children.

"Dear sir, I hope you will stop the betting, as it means ruin to myself and my little children."

Mr. McCarthy's explanation of his failure to act against the club mentioned by this unhappy woman, and the other clubs quoted by Mr. Gill, was that he did not consider he had sufficient evidence to ask for a warrant for a raid.

"I did not wish to get a rap on the knuckles from Scotland Yard," he said. "If I had made a raid and had been unsuccessful I should have got rapped on the knuckles, though, if I had been successful, it would have been all right."

"Over-Zealous Officers."

Further questions gave the ex-inspector an opportunity to make a counter indictment.

He said that certain over-zealous officers made false charges against bookmakers, and that the bookmakers were bullied into pleading guilty.

"They are afraid that if they do not plead guilty it will be made hotter for them in the future," he added.

"But what is the motive of the officers?" asked Mr. Justice Darling. "What advantage do they get?"

Mr. McCarthy hesitated, and, finally, being pressed for a reason, said that convictions led to promotion.

The bookmakers never exposed the detectives because they knew that if they did so they would not be allowed to remain in the neighbourhood.

After a conviction, on the other hand, they could return to their business.

Mr. Justice Darling upon hearing this suggested another motive. Could not a bookmaker say to a detective who was threatening him with proceedings: "Don't prosecute me, and I will give you a sovereign?"

"Yes it is possible," replied Mr. McCarthy.

A former bookmaker, whose professional name used to be "Toffee" Thomas when he combined bookmaking with the occupation of confectioner, was told to stand forward in court in order that Mr. McCarthy might see him.

The latter denied vigorously that he had black-mailed this man.

The case was adjourned.

LOTTERY OF BOOKS.

Book-lovers will be keenly interested in the sale of Sotheby's next Saturday, when a copy of the vellum Chaucer, of which only thirteen copies were issued by the Kelmscott Press at £126 each, will come under the hammer.

Only two of these copies have as yet appeared in the saleroom—one fetching £510 and the other £10 more.

STATION STREWN WITH COCKLES.

A curious accident led to Preston Railway Station being strewn with cockles.

A large fish truck laden with the shellfish had been left standing on the main line, when the Blackpool to Manchester express dashed into it at full speed. Portions of the truck were hurled thirty yards away, and the cockles were scattered all over the platforms.

QUEEN STORM-BOUND.

Her Majesty Driven by Tempest to Take Refuge at Vigo.

After several days' delay at Portsmouth in consequence of stress of weather the Queen has met with another check in her progress to Lisbon.

The Vigo correspondent of Reuter's agency wires that at eight o'clock yesterday morning the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with her Majesty and the royal party on board, escorted by his Majesty's cruiser Cornwall, put in at that port, the bad weather preventing the yacht from proceeding direct to Lisbon.

The royal visitors are preserving a strict incognito, and a letter was sent ashore asking that no official notice should be taken of the yacht's arrival.

Hissed the Prince.

It now transpires that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to East Ham on Saturday did not pass off without untoward incident.

In Commercial-road a drunken man rushed at the royal carriage and hissed and abused his Royal Highness.

At the Thames Police Court yesterday he was fined 21s—a similar penalty being imposed on a Middlesex Volunteer, who was acting as orderly at the same function, and, whilst in a drunken state, rode his commander's horse about after the ceremony.

JOHN BULL, COAL MERCHANT.

How Almost the Whole World Buys from Us.

A glance through the Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies will serve to prove that the United Kingdom supplies the greater part of the world with coal.

Tahiti is a thorn in the side of British coal merchants, for no coal is used there. The Republic of Monrovia does not consume two tons of coal in a year.

Yet there is no cause for anxiety at present, for Portugal, Spain, Norway and Sweden, Greece, and South America are almost totally dependent on the United Kingdom for their coal supply. Even in Paris one-fifth of the coal used for the railways comes from Great Britain.

Though Egypt is almost entirely supplied from the same source, civilisation, in the shape of coals, has not yet penetrated to Somaliland.

Britain supplies coal to St. Petersburg, but Japan and the United States are independent of us. A warning note comes from the British Consul at Stettin that to increase the coal export to Swinemunde British collieries must lower their prices. Our exports to Hamburg have increased.

WARNED IN A DREAM.

North American Indian Brings a Forest Criminal to Justice.

One morning Harry Hayward, of Mundham, near Chichester, came down to breakfast very much disturbed in mind. "I dreamed that I saw our Ted shot," he told his sister.

A few days later he was summoned by cablegram to the Canadian North-West, where his brother Edward had been living, to give evidence at the trial of the murderer, who has since been hanged.

It came out at the trial that Edward Hayward was sought for by an Indian named Whitigo, who had heard a shot in the night and found a piece of human bone and a button in the remains of a fire by which Hayward and his employer had camped. Only one set of footprints were visible leading away from the fire, and these corresponded with the boots of the murderer, Charles King.

OPERA AT THE WALDORF THEATRE.

At the new Waldorf Theatre during the coming London season, Mr. Henry Russell is to run an opera season.

Mme. Calvé, it is understood, will appear, and will play the title-role in "Adriana Lecouvreur," Cilea's new opera, which was so enthusiastically received at Covent Garden last autumn.

CLERKS UNEQUAL TO COAL TRIMMING.

In a weak moment two young clerks at the Cardiff Docks, expressing the opinion that coal trimming was not so hard as it is represented, undertook to work eight hours in this arduous task.

After two hours they retired with blistered hands, aching arms, and a betting debt to pay.

A large number of workmen at Sparkbrook Small Arms Factory received notice yesterday that they might expect dismissal at an early date.

LADY WARWICK A GRANDMOTHER.

Baby Girl Born to the Beautiful

Lady Helmsley.

ROYAL SPONSOR.

Viscountess Helmsley gave birth to a daughter on Sunday at Warwick House, St. James's.

This is the occasion of great rejoicing to the young wife's parents, Lord and Lady Warwick. Lady Helmsley, who was Lady Marjorie Greville, is still only twenty-one years of age.

She was married at St. Mary's Church, Warwick, on January 19 of last year, amid scenes of striking festivity.

The church was crowded with great and notable people, and the scene at Paddington before the special train started for Warwick was like Waterloo Station on Gold Cup Day.

Lady Helmsley received a great number of magnificent wedding presents, including one from the King.

Since her marriage Lady Helmsley has been comparatively little in London, where she has been missed at many big functions.

In appearance she is very like her beautiful mother, with the same lovely hair and delicate colouring.

Her younger brother, the Hon. Maynard Greville, very much resembles her.

Lady Helmsley is very simple and natural in her tastes. She was very carefully brought up and



VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY.

well educated, speaking several languages fluently.

One of her greatest hobbies is the collection of picture postcards, of which she has a great number.

Lord Helmsley is the grandson and heir of the Earl of Faversham, who is very devoted to him and to his beautiful wife.

The baby is sure to have a royal god-parent—very probably the King.

According to the latest reports the mother and child are doing well.

"DICKENS GIRL" CONVERT.

Responds to Entertainer's Call, but Is Not Inclined To Leave the Stage.

"The Dickens Girl" is the latest stage convert. So Mr. Quentin Ashlyn told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

He deemed it best not to give her name, but said she came behind the platform to him, after one of his meetings at St. George's Hall, and announced her conversion.

Unlike Mr. Ashlyn, however, "The Dickens Girl" did not feel called upon to break with her profession, as she could not see any harm in amusing people by impersonating well-known characters in the writings of Charles Dickens.

"Speaking for myself," he said, "I could not continue in the profession while souls are perishing."

"God has called me out of it. I do not know whether I shall be an evangelist or where I shall go after this week. I await Divine direction."

"FIND" OF WATTEAU FANS.

Discovered quite by accident in a lumber-room whilst the contents of a house at Isleworth were being catalogued, six valuable fans, one of which is believed to be decorated by Watteau, are to be sold at the Town Hall, Hounslow, early next month.

It is expected that one or two will realise three figures.

Mr. Hayden, M.P., who fluently addressed the House the other night on the distress in the west of Ireland, is practically blind. Like the late Mr. Fawcett he has to entirely rely upon his memory for his facts.

INDIA'S ICY STRAND.

Jugs and Bottles of Water Freeze Hard in Closed Rooms.

Scorching heat is the main idea that the mention of weather in India arouses in the mind of the average person, and it is for the most part in consonance with fact.

This year, however, the cold at Simla, India's health resort, has been phenomenal. Jugs and bottles of water froze in closed rooms, and people washed in a mixture of ice and water day after day. Armies of coolies went out every day and cut roads for pedestrians, which every night were covered by fresh falls of snow.

Some passengers coming in from Tara Devi to Simla one day by train got out and walked, because the train was travelling so slowly through the snow. They arrived twelve hours before their servants and luggage.

So general did tobogganing become at one time that the police were compelled to forbid it on any but semi-private paths.

WILL BOOTS BE DEAR?

Trade Authorities Think the Wearer Will Not Suffer Through the War.

The London public will not have to pay any more for their boots as a result of the decision of the Northamptonshire boot and shoe manufacturers to raise the price of their goods very shortly. Such is the consensus of opinion of a number of leading boot firms in London.

"There is no prospect at present of a rise in the price of boots," said the head of one leading boot and shoe depot to the *Daily Mirror*. "The competition is too keen."

"The war in the East was made a difference in the price of leather, but it has been very slight. Good boots can be made to sell at a profit at 4s. 11d. a pair."

"FORTUNE" OF £46.

Well-Known Philanthropist Leaves Meagre Estate—A Modest Monument.

Only £46 15s. 2d. was left by Mr. James Wright, director of the well-known "New Orphan Homes," Ashley Down, Bristol.

Mr. Wright, who was well known for his philanthropic and religious work, was accorded a great public funeral at Bristol in January last.

One of the provisions of the will of Mr. Joseph Jackson of Redding, and The Bill, Millom Rural, Cumberland, was that he should be buried in the old churchyard at Millom, and that a simple monument should be erected on his grave at a cost not exceeding £20.

"BLUES" AT PUTNEY.

Oxford and Cambridge Crews Attract Large Crowds, but Take Matters Easily.

Beautiful weather favoured the first day's practice of the Oxford and Cambridge crews at Putney yesterday, and a large crowd assembled on the towpath.

Neither crew attempted anything serious at either stage of yesterday's practice.

Cambridge were first afloat, and in the course of a forty minutes' outing they had three sharp bursts to the Doves, but the stroke never exceeded twenty-eight to the minute.

In the afternoon a change was made in the Light Blue crew, P. H. Thomas filling No. 4 thwart vice Savory, who took the place of Bruce at No. 2.

Oxford were out just on an hour in the morning, but, like their rivals, they took matters easily. In the afternoon they went as far as Harrod's, and their form gained them many friends.

THREE MILES' SEA RAMPART.

Blackpool, in expectancy of a season this year that will eclipse even the previous achievements of the great Lancashire seaside resort, is anxiously awaiting the completion of its new parade.

The authorities have extended their already long promenade by three miles of wall, by which they propose to push back the sea 100 yards from the coast.

The huge work will probably be finished by Whitsuntide.

PRINCESSES IN A WORKHOUSE.

"Good afternoon, your Royal Highness. Isn't mine a nice pinafore?" was the greeting of a child in the Windsor Workhouse to Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who visited the institution yesterday.

The Princesses shook hands with the inmates and conversed kindly with the sick and bedridden in the sick wards.

MANY INVENTIONS.

Debtor Sent to Gaol for "Gross and Scandalous" Conduct.

Mr. Arthur N. Ellis Spong, of Stapleton Lodge, Kerry, was yesterday brought up before Mr. Justice Boyd in the Dublin Bankruptcy Court and committed to prison for "gross and scandalous conduct."

A week ago he was examined in camera in the name of E. H. E. Selwyn, and told a story of an income of £600 a year.

He spoke also of an aunt in Hampshire who would probably leave him money, and said his wife had been a Miss Woodward, of Christchurch.

Having promised to attend for further examination, he was arrested on failing to do so.

Yesterday he declared that everything that took place on that occasion was like a dream to him; he had a very bad head.

Justice Boyd: You have a very good head for invention.

Bankrupt: The answers came to me naturally.

"Lived Well"—On His Friends.

The truth was that he had never had any occupation, but had lived on his relations and friends and by speculations. He had always lived well, and owed his London stockbrokers about £18. A gun he bought for £5 he had pawned for £13.

The following extract from a Donegal paper of July last was read in court, and counsel suggested that the report was inserted to give colour to the notion that Spong was a man of property:—

On the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, over seventy children attending the Murray and Angiency schools, together with the teachers, members of the girls' friendly society, and choir of Killbegs Church, were entertained at Corrin on the 27th ult. The beautiful grounds presented a gay and festive appearance, flags and bunting being suspended from tree to tree, while swings, etc., were invitingly placed. After an unusually sumptuous tea, games were requested, under the supervision of Mr. Selwyn, who was indefatigable in his efforts to amuse the guests.

Mrs. Spong said her people lived in Somersetshire, and she was married, she thought, before the Plymouth registrar. Her husband had never had any occupation, but there was always plenty of money about. She had not the faintest idea where it came from.

Justice Boyd said it was a shocking performance that any gentleman should be guilty of such invention.

BOY AND GIRL MARRIAGE.

Unhappy Ending to a Romantic Story of Youthful Courtship.

Married as boy and girl without knowledge or consent of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Stanley parted at the church door and went to their respective homes.

For two and a half years the young man visited his wife at her father's house as a suitor, and then the couple eloped.

The wife's parents, at first angry, afterwards relented, and set up the husband in business. But he sold it, and left his wife, taking no notice of her pathetic letters. Summoned for desertion, he said he had lost everything in a Jamaican turtle-fishery.

In the Bromley Police Court yesterday Mrs. Stanley applied for a warrant against her husband for disobeying an alimony order, and it was granted.

Stanley had written, said the Bench, to say he could not pay, but on behalf of his wife it was stated that he was entitled under a will to a seventh share of £16,000, which could be set aside for his benefit if required.

BOY TERROR.

"If you continue to be a terror you will find the law will act as a terror to you," said Mr. de Grey at the South-Western Police Court yesterday, sentencing Richard Dadd, a Battersea youth, to seven days' imprisonment for throwing mud through a school window.

Dadd was described by the police as a terror to the neighbourhood.

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Cocoa, and is free from
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DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY.

Solicitor, Captain, and Ex-Rector Figure in Dramas of Real Life in the Divorce Court.

An ex-rector, an Army captain, and a solicitor yesterday figured as parties to matrimonial suits in the Divorce Court.

A very remarkable story was that of the ex-rector, the Rev. Francis Charles Birch. Before he became rector of Wilby, in Norfolk, he had married Mrs. Helen Phyllis Birch, in 1886.

When this lady went to live in a rectory as a rector's wife she found that her husband was behaving in a fashion quite at variance with the standard of living usually associated with rectors. Mr. Birch not only took more to drink than was good for him, but he was also guilty of levity of conduct towards a good-looking housemaid who was a member of the household.

How unpardonable such a thing is in a rector was pointed out to her husband by Mrs. Birch, but in reply he swore at her. Although he was a rector he used to swear, Mrs. Birch regretfully told the Court.

In the course of time Mr. Birch was deprived of his rectory by the Bishop of his diocese, and when he was a rector no longer he treated his wife so badly that she had to leave him. He pulled her hair and threw her against a table.

At last to his other delinquencies he added a wrong that enabled Mr. Justice Bargarve Deane to give Mrs. Birch a decree nisi. Mr. Birch went to Cromer and lived there with a lady who was not his wife.

The Captain's Case.

Captain Walter Victor Simmonds Lynn was the full style of the Army captain. He, like the ex-rector, is accused by his wife, Mrs. Violet Amelie Lynn, of violent conduct unworthy of a husband. But, unlike the ex-rector, he has made an answer, and is defacing the charges.

After an engagement lasting only six weeks Mrs. Lynn, being then a girl of nineteen, married the captain in 1901. Part of their honeymoon they

spent at Felixstowe, and then they went on to Namur, in Belgium. Here, it is said, the young bride made two lamentable discoveries. She found that her husband was intemperate, and that he was a gambler. She says that he spent his time at the Casino instead of at her side.

When they returned to England, and went to a bungalow at Blethingley, in Surrey, she declares that he kicked her and insisted on using a chair, or of which he had turned her, to rest his legs upon. Moreover, he threatened "to knock his mother-in-law's head off."

The latter lady, giving evidence, said that the captain told her that his brother, Sir John Lynn, was about to take over the command of the Aldershot district. She mentioned this supposed fact to an officer, and the officer assured her that no change was contemplated. Then she discovered that there was no such person as Sir John Lynn.

It was also stated that Captain Lynn, after threatening to commit suicide, made his wife sleep in a bed on the coverlet of which was a loaded revolver.

This case was adjourned.

The Solicitor's Case.

The solicitor, Mr. Hugh Grosvenor Taunton, was the accused, not the accused, party. After a year of happy married life his wife eloped with a man who has since died. Then Mr. Taunton acted very generously. He took a cottage in the country for Mrs. Taunton, and engaged a lady companion to live with her. If he had nothing to find fault with for a period of six months—he told her—she would receive her back as his wife again.

But Mrs. Taunton failed to profit by her husband's kindness. Accompanied by her companion she came up to town one day. She met a gentleman in the West End, and, in spite of her companion's protests, went to a café to take tea with him. Afterwards she made a confession. A decree nisi was pronounced.

NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

Lending Out Smart Skirts, Hats and Feathers for Bank Holiday Outings.

Rapping loudly on the bench, Judge Addison had to shout to make himself heard in the South-west County Court yesterday.

The case before him revealed a widow's strange occupation, which is that of lending out silk skirts, hats, and feathers to coster girls on high days and holidays. Her claim was for a black satin skirt lent to Mrs. Morley—a typical "coster girl"—£2wt. of coals, three weeks' rent (which accrued while Mr. and Mrs. Morley were in prison for drunkenness), and some wedding presents, which were to be paid for at 74d. a week.

The defendant Morley's wife, in brusque coster language, strongly protested that she had not had any of the things, and a violent exchange of language took place between the parties.

His Honour had to shout and rap the bench to secure order and silence, and threatened to send the whole bunch to prison unless they moderated their tone and language.

"The money will never be paid," said Mrs. Morley, when judgment was given for plaintiff against her husband. "Then your husband will be kept sober for a few periods of twenty-one days," retorted Judge Addison.

HAMMERED A LIVE SHELL.

Probably the only man alive who opened a five forty-pound shrapnel shell with a hammer has just made use of the circumstance as a plea in the Lancaster Police Court.

He is John Wilson, of Bolton-le-Sands, and he was charged with gathering under-sized cockles in Morecambe Bay.

It was urged that the explosion which resulted from his reckless treatment of the shrapnel shell left him nearly blind and unable to properly distinguish the size of the cockles/shells. He was fined.

NOT AN UNUSUAL THING.

"My wife and my mother can't agree," said George Maunder, a Chiswick builder, charged at West London yesterday with fighting in the street. Mr. Garrett: A not unusual thing. (Laughter.) Maunder: They started quarrelling in the street. I began to chastise my mother, and then my wife set about me. (Laughter.) Maunder was bound over.

THE DANGER OF LIFTS.

"If all lifts were placed under City Corporation or L.C.C. supervision, nineteen out of twenty fatalities would be prevented," said Dr. Adams at an inquest at the City Coroner's Court on Alma Horton, killed by falling down a lift at the Magog Hotel, Chesham.

HOME-SICK FRENCHMAN.

His Wish "To Die in London" Fulfilled by a Fall.

"I would like to die in London," said Maurice Camille Selong, an eighteen-year-old clerk, employed at Harro's Stores.

A few days later he fell from the fourth floor landing of the Charing Cross Hotel into the hall and was killed.

At the inquest at Westminster yesterday Eleanor Selong, his mother, said that, hearing the boy was home-sick, she had come from Paris to London to see him, just before the fatality he said to her: "I think I have some trouble with my heart. I feel as if something was breaking inside me."

Medical evidence showed that probably Selong had fainted when leaning over the banisters.

The Foreman: The jury find a verdict of Accidental Death for this reason—

The Coroner (interposing): No reasons, please. Give your verdict without offering any reason.

UNINVITED VISITOR.

How a Burglar Succumbed to the Seductions of Old Port.

Having broken into a house at Croydon, Henry Meads, a young Sheffield umbrella-maker, refreshed himself with a bottle of choice port.

The soporific effects of the wine evidently overcame the burglar's energies, for early the next morning he was found fast asleep in a chair by the cook.

Aroused by her entrance he jumped through a window, but after an exciting steepclimb over gardens, walls, and fences, was eventually captured.

He was brought up before the Croydon magistrates yesterday.

NO TIME TO BE AMUSED.

"I don't know much about music-halls," remarked Judge Addison at the South-west County Court yesterday. "I don't say that in commendation of myself, because I haven't had the opportunity of visiting them."

The occasion was an action in which Mr. Hart, of the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey, was awarded £8 damages against Miss Maggie Walsh, "the Lancashire Mill Girl," for breach of contract.

WOODEN-LEG TROUBLES.

Fined 5s. at West Ham yesterday for being drunk, Jane Dunkling, of Eye-road, put all the blame on her wooden leg.

"You don't know what trouble I have with it," she said. "It's always giving way." Mr. Gowler: It's never too late to mend.

MAN WITH FIVE WIVES.

Survivor of the Victoria Disaster and His Victims.

A survivor of the disaster in the Mediterranean when the battleship Victoria was rammed by the Camperdown, Frederick Woolfries, an electrical engineer, was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment at Belfast yesterday for having bigamously married two women.

Woolfries, who had been in the Navy for several years, had taken part in the Benin Expedition, and was one of the defenders of the British Legation at Pekin during the Boxer rising. Since an attack of sunstroke, however, in Malta, his mental condition had not been robust.

The Crown prosecutor mentioned that he had selected only two out of five or six charges that might have been brought against the man.

At Sheerness, Harriet Margaret McCormick, twenty-eight, wife of Edward George McCormick, was remanded on a charge of bigamously marrying Corporal Herbert Forest Christer, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, at Stoke Newington last January.

She went into hysterics when placed in the box.

COSMOPOLITAN FUNERAL.

Many Foreign Notables See Sir Edward Blount Laid to Rest.

The diverse and important character of the life-work of the late Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B., was demonstrated yesterday at his funeral at the Monastery, Crawley.

The mourners included a number of French noblemen, Prince Arumbere, the manager of the Societe Generale (Paris), of which Sir Edward was the head; a representative of the Western of France Railway Company, of which he was the originator; and several prominent officials of the L.B. and S.C. Railway, the Newhaven and Lippie cross-Channel service, and the Panama Railroad.

The funeral was also attended by Dr. Amigo, Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark.

Sir Edward was a powerful factor in the friendly relations between this country and France.

He was present at the coronation of three British Sovereigns, and his heroic efforts during the siege of Paris on behalf of British residents earned Parliamentary recognition.

He was a member of the House of Commons for some time; was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Orders of Pius IX., of Isabella of Spain, of the Crown of Italy, and also held the Grand Cross of Osmanli, Turkey.

SIR ROBERT AND "ROBERT."

What a Baronet Said to a Policeman When Asked To Move On.

"Pass along yourself," declared the constable, were the words Sir Robert Peel used to him when asked to pass along in Regent-street at half-past twelve in the morning of March 10.

Sir Robert was charged the same day, but failed to appear when called upon. Yesterday, however, he appeared at the Marylebone Police Court to answer the charge of obstructing the footway.

Sergeant Fowler said he saw Sir Robert talking to some men and women. They would not move on, and they—there were five—obstructed the pavement for about five minutes.

Mr. Deunham ordered Sir Robert to enter into his own recognisances in the sum of £5 to be of good behaviour for six months.

"LE FOOTBALL ET SES ACCIDENTS."

"Le football Rugby et ses accidents," the title of the thesis for the degree of doctor presented recently by M. Rachon to Bordeaux University, is a significant sign of the headway the game is making in France.

The crack Parisian fifteen, Stade Francais, is to make a tour in South Wales next month.

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from any disease arising from impurities in the blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad legs, Blood poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

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PREPARED BY J. C. CLARKE

DIRECTOR OF THE BURGLAR TRUST.

Napoleon of Crime Flings Taunts
at His Judge.

ANARCHIST PRINCIPLES.

The story of the Abbeville gang of forty thieves, now being unfolded in the sensational trial at Amiens, would be considered a wild extravagance, instead of being true, it was the product of the imagination of a Poe or a Conan Doyle.

Twenty-six members out of the forty are on their trial for most of the mysterious burglaries committed in France, Belgium, and Switzerland during many years.

But the police never suspected that one gang was responsible for these crimes until April, 1903. Their long period of safety was largely due to the loyalty of the thirty-nine for their chief, Marius Jacob. And that loyalty was inspired by his astounding cleverness.

This remarkable leader is only twenty-six years of age. He is of Jewish extraction, and was born in Marseilles.

Extraordinary Personality.

He has been a cabin boy, a compositor, and a manufacturer of anarchist bombs.

He even wrote an anarchist tract, entitled "When shall we cut their throats?" and through his counsel, Me. Justa, he now pleads his anarchical principles in palliation of his offences.

Four women have been his companions in crime and are now on trial with him. His mother is one, and to her pernicious teaching Marius Jacob owes his criminal career. Of the others, one is Jacob's fiancée.

All four women wear fur pelisses in the court. For ten days the trial has proceeded, and the chief prisoner's bold and impudent answers have eclipsed the war in interest throughout France.

"I Regret Nothing."

As to the charges against him, he says: "Not only do I regret nothing, on the contrary, I glory in all that is imputed against me. For my acts are the consequence of vices in our social constitution." He made a speciality of sacrilegious thefts, and in court aired his views on religious questions.

"Under the pretext of securing the delights of a future world," he declared, "priests amass wealth in this."

A few members of the gang are still at liberty, and, fearing attempts to rescue the prisoners, extraordinary precautions have been taken against surprise.

Troops were drafted into Amiens, and the prisoners surrounded on their way between the goal and the assize court by an impenetrable guard of mounted men.

In the trial, which is expected to last till the end of this week, there are ninety-five separate charges and 150 witnesses. So far as can be reckoned the value of the robberies amounts to nearly £50,000.

EVAN ROBERTS' LILA.

Revivalist Activity of a Navy and an
Ex-Hangman.

In reply to a pressing letter from Liverpool, where he has promised to address meetings, Mr. Evan Roberts has telegraphed: "Will come to Liverpool. The finger of God explains the delay. Hold on.—EVAN ROBERTS."

On Sunday evening he was suddenly indisposed, and his friends were very anxious about him. He had a bad day on Sunday, but was able to get up in the afternoon, though hundreds of people who journeyed to Newcastle Embay to hear him speak in the evening had to go away disappointed.

Berry, the ex-hangman, addressing a revival meeting at the Cambridge Hall, Manchester, said that he used to think nothing of drinking sixteen glasses of whisky and twelve bottles of beer a day. He had been converted five weeks now, and had entirely given up the drink. "My wife is astonished, never mind about you," he said to his audience.

And since he "took religion" his pigs had sold better than ever.

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CARMELITE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The King has been pleased to appoint Dr. Noel Dean Bardswell medical superintendent of the King Edward VII. Sanatorium now in course of erection at Midhurst.

Gooseberries were on sale in London yesterday, this being much earlier than usual.

The planet Venus can now be seen even while the sun is above the horizon. To-day she attains her greatest brilliancy.

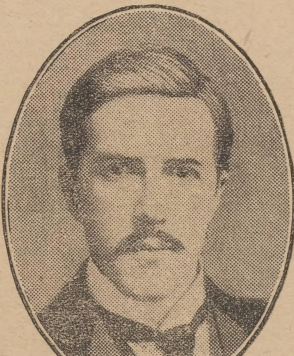
The town of Salford proposes to establish restaurants in connection with the elementary schools where meals will be cheaply provided.

Welsh ponies are just now in such great demand for the Colonies that it is feared the Principality will become entirely denuded of them.

Excavations at Caerwent, Monmouthshire, have just established the fact that the Romans used Welsh coal in the fireplaces of their houses 2,000 years ago.

Sussex has lost its one lady urban councillor through the disqualification of Miss Edith Payne, of Cuckfield. Miss Payne overlooked the date on which nomination papers were to be sent in.

EARL PERCY.



The Earl's motor-car fell over a steep embankment near Sandhurst and rolled on to a cart, but its owner escaped with a severe shaking.

Fourteen betting men making "books" on football matches have been arrested at Accrington.

"A working man's capital is his character," said the magistrate, dealing with a case of theft at Salford.

The English steamer Scholar has rescued the crew of twenty-six men of the German steamer Sieste, foundered off Finisterre.

In a gallant attempt to stop a runaway horse a policeman named Nettleton was knocked down and instantly killed at Hull yesterday.

An effort is being made to establish plaice on the Dogger Bank. Marked plaice thrown into the water there have been recaptured, greatly improved in size and value.

At the Ryhope Colliery, East Durham, an exceptionally rich coal seam has been discovered. It is six feet in thickness, and covers a great area. Employment for many hundreds of men will follow.

In an endeavour to limit the amount of Sunday trading in Bethnal Green the borough council have, in consultation with the police, decided to commence operations with the dog and an old iron market.

An Australian who was charged at Lambeth yesterday for refusing to perform his allotted task in the workhouse, said that in Australia there are no taskmasters. Australia enjoys old-age pensions and has no workhouses.

Mysterious fire alarms have twice brought out the fire brigade at Woking, Notts. The glass over the electric alarm on the town hall being found intact, it has been concluded that electric fault currents have set the bell ringing.

Ladies are highly incensed at the action of London artists who have decided to exclude them from the banquet on April 27 to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, when Sir L. Alma-Tadema will preside. They are now discussing whether they shall hold a dinner on their own account.

Of the jurymen summoned to attend the City Coroners' Court yesterday morning one had been dead for some years, one was in Canada, and a third lived in Scarborough. Two others sent substitutes, but Dr. Waldo refused to accept their services "as substitutes" because of the precedent such a course would create.

The Sultan of Zanzibar occupies two suites on the first floor of the Metropole at Brighton. He takes his meals in the public dining-room.

The new recreation ground in Waltham is to be called after Faraday, the great scientist, who was born in the neighbourhood.

To-morrow Holborn Borough Council will recommend the destruction of several streets, now chiefly inhabited by Italians.

Mr. Goodrich, the new L.C.C. member for Stepney, objects to the term Moderate, and prefers to be called a Conservative Progressive.

The cruiser Diadem yesterday completed her equipment at Sheerness, and left for the Far East to relieve the Amphitrite, ordered home.

The carpet manufacturers of Kidderminster have decided to send out new price-lists showing an average of 1d. per yard in Brussels carpets and 2d. per yard in Wiltons.

Plans and estimates for rebuilding the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, recently destroyed by fire, have been approved by the War Department. The cost will be £5,800.

"Renovated butter" is the name of a dairy product, of which samples are now arriving in London from America. This is butter that has once become rancid and then been purified by chemical treatment.

A special safety match for motorists lasting 20sec. and defying the strongest wind is on sale at the Motor Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, where also a special fire extinguisher for burning cars may be seen.

The Rhonda stipendiary held yesterday that a publican who allowed any automatic instrument to play music in his bar must take out a music and dancing licence. A publican was fined 5s. and costs for omitting to do so.

The driver of an engine which knocked over and injured a platelayer near Caterham, states that it was impossible to draw the light engine up in time to prevent the accident. Had he been in charge of a train he could have stopped in time.

Bride, bridegroom, bridesmaid, best man, the parents, and three guests, besides the majority of the persons in church during a wedding at Vroncysville, near Llancollen, North Wales, were all named Jones. In the same village recently all the guests at a bachelors' tea were joneses.

For the young man, Arthur E. Moore, who raised money in London and Bristol on the strength of his story of having inherited £40,000, and has just been released from gaol, a subscription is being raised by members of the Bristol Y.M.C.A. It is proposed to send Moore to Canada.

The special committee of investigation appointed by the Holborn Borough Council, now recommend that the borough surveyor, Mr. George Wallace, be removed from his office, and that a contractor, Mr. George Cookson, be prosecuted, for entering into transactions of a corrupt nature.

INJURED WHILE HUNTING.



Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., who has broken his collar-bone and fractured two ribs through a fall from his horse in the hunting-field.

Alien children will be the principal beneficiaries by the new L.C.C. school to be erected in Buston-street, Whitechapel, with places for 800.

Having pleaded the visit of the Prince of Wales as an excuse for intoxication, a woman was discharged by Colonel Garrett at Stratford Police Court yesterday for "being so loyal."

"Johannesburg is bound to be the centre of everything in South Africa," said Mr. Alexander Davidson to the shareholders of the African City Properties Trust, Ltd. "The successful solution of the labour question would improve conditions."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Description of the Principal

Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

BESIEGED SCHOOLMISTRESS.

It is seldom that a lady defies the authorities with so much success as has attended the efforts of Miss Aspinall, the Nottinghamshire schoolmistress.

Miss Aspinall was given notice of dismissal, but she says that it was not properly given, wherefore she sternly refused to vacate the house in which she was living, and locked up the school to prevent its being used.

The vicar of Newark applied to the county magistrates for an ejectment order, which they granted. Delaying the vicar, Miss Aspinall locked herself in her house. The school managers did their best to persuade her to go. They had the house besieged, as our photograph on page 8 shows. The windows were blocked so that Miss Aspinall gets but little daylight; even the coal was taken away from the back of the house.

But the lady resisted all the attempts to remove her, and she cannot be forcibly ejected from the house until twenty-one days after the magistrates' order of ejectment was nailed to her door.

In the meantime the school, which she locked, has been opened by a duplicate key, and the new schoolmistress is living elsewhere.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

The glorious weather of the last few days has convinced everyone that spring has at last come in earnest, and evidence of its effect in London is given by our photographs on page 9. The gaily-dressed throngs and the flowers bursting into bloom in the parks show that it is not only in the country that the genial influence of spring is felt, while the pleasure given the sun-loving animals at the Zoological Gardens by their first few days of real sunshine moves the heart of the most indifferent keeper.

MISERIES OF THE WAR.

The stories of the miseries of the broken Russian army are forcibly brought home by the picture on page 1. Starving and crippled by wounds, half-frozen and maddened by their sufferings, the unhappy Russians have been captured in thousands. The Japanese have done their best for their captives, but amid the snow-covered wastes of Manchuria it has been impossible to give the Russians the attention and nourishment absolutely necessary for their comfort, and the prisoners have had to endure further miseries before they could be properly provided for.

PRACTISING FOR THE BOAT RACE.

Yesterday both the Oxford and Cambridge crews were been about at Putney, and spectators had an opportunity of comparing their work on tidal water. The Oxford eight, whose photograph appears on page 8, were out both morning and afternoon, and made a very satisfactory impression. Cambridge also rowed morning and afternoon, and their performances were very good, but they were handicapped by having an untrained man on board in place of Mr. S. N. Bruce, who was unavoidably absent.

READY TO-DAY.

Be Sure You Get the First Part of "The
Harnsworth Encyclopedia."

To-day marks an era in the annals of the publishing world, for it witnesses the accomplishment of the greatest feat ever attempted in the production of a standard work of reference at a standard price.

The first fortnightly part of "The Harnsworth Encyclopedia" is now in the hands of the public, and fully bears out all that has been said in its praise. In form it suggests a high-class octavo magazine, attractively bound and superbly printed. Each of the 160 pages carries three columns of reading matter clearly but very clearly printed, the publishers having solved the difficult question of securing at the same time both fitness and clearness.

Having tested a number of the articles taken at random, we have not only failed to detect any errors, but have been quite unable to discover any omissions.

The claim that "The Harnsworth Encyclopedia" is the cheapest work of its kind ever published is fully borne out by the first fortnightly part, published to-day. For the price of sevenpence—which, as a fortnightly payment, is the equivalent of one halfpenny per day—the purchaser gets 160 pages of closely compressed information, covering some 1,250 subjects.

The demand for the first part has been simply overwhelming, and there is not the slightest doubt that Part I. will prove to be the best advertisement of the remainder of the work, which will be published fortnightly at the price of sevenpence. It is advisable that all who wish to secure the greatest bargain ever offered should at once place an order with their newsagent for a regular supply of the fortnightly issues of "The Harnsworth Encyclopedia."

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1905

EXPERTS OR AMATEURS?

THE British nation, or so much of it as inhabits these islands, is in the state of a man shipwrecked on a desert island. It has lost its bearings. It is finding out how much it has to learn. It has to reconstruct its plan of life.

The old, settled, ordered days, when Britons were sure of themselves and convinced that everything British was as good as it could possibly be, have departed. On every side there is talk of change, of improvement, of reform. In all directions timid hands are being thrust out to find firm foundations on which to build up the new Britain of the future.

This week, for example, there is to be a conference of famous doctors, who will discuss the teaching of the first principles of health and temperance in all our schools. There can be no teaching more important. However learned men and women may be, they are of no use to the community, or to themselves, unless they know how to keep well and are convinced of the unpleasant consequences of excess.

Some people may hardly think it necessary to hold conferences over "so simple a matter." But in these days the matters of knowing what to eat, drink, and avoid, what general rules to observe as regards air and exercise, and so on, are not simple at all. Every second person one meets has some nostrum, some fad. It is most desirable to get, if we can, some general agreement as to broad principles; and, since doctors are supposed to be experts on the subject, they are the people to draw the principles up.

We want experts to deal with all questions of national welfare. What other nation (except Russia) would appoint a Minister of Agriculture who would say in his first speech after being appointed (as Mr. Ailwyn Fellows has just done) that he meant to go about the country during the recess and find out "what the needs of agriculture were"? This is reducing the science of Government to an absurdity.

We want Ministers who know their business. To expect the overburdened taxpayer to pay them while they are learning it, is altogether unreasonable and unjust.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Living only in and for the House of Commons, moving in an atmosphere of constant intrigue, accustomed to look upon oratory as a mode of angling for political support, and upon political professions as only baits of more or less attractiveness, politicians acquire a very peculiar code of ethics, and they are liable wholly to lose sight of the fact that there is a stiffer and less corrupted morality out of doors. They not only come to forget what is right, but they forget that there is anyone who knows it.—*The late Lord Salisbury.*

Hard to Explain.

"Papa," asked little Johnny, "do missionaries who are eaten by cannibals go to heaven?"
"Yes, my son."
"And will the cannibals go there, too?"
"Certainly not."
"Well, I don't see how the missionaries can go to heaven if the cannibals don't when they're inside the cannibals."—*Birmingham Dart.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Kaiser, it seems, has been in a great state of trepidation about certain of Queen Victoria's letters to him, which are being got together with the others, under the direction of Lord Esher, for publication in Mr. A. C. Benson's book. The late Queen, relying upon her superior age and experience, used often to admonish the volatile Emperor with perfect candour, and it is only natural that the great man should object to having this epistolary forefinger shaken at him again, and this time in view of the public. He has, therefore, protested against the publication, and King Edward, it is said, has himself promised to revise the letters for him.

A French paper, in commenting on this little incident, refers to Lord Esher under the virginal title of "Lord Esther." How strange it is that so few Frenchmen can grapple successfully with English names. Anyone knighted in England is invariably referred to in France without the insertion of his Christian name—as "Sir Irving" or "Sir Dilke." Once, too, I remember seeing Sir William Harcourt dignified with the title of "Sir Milford William Harcourt." In the same list as that name

occurred Mr. Chamberlain was called "M. Chamberlain," and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach alluded to as "Sir Chicks Black," which would be almost an insult were it not obviously done in ignorance.

The mention of the Kaiser reminds me that no one has yet been chosen to represent England at the wedding of the Crown Prince. Perhaps King Edward himself may go, but I do not think that altogether probable. The Prince of Wales may be sent, if he can spare the time from his Hindustani studies. Anyhow, the representative will have to be an exalted one, because all the other Powers are sending most important people. The Queen of Holland is to be there with the Prince Consort; and also Prince and Princess Albert of Belgium, Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, and Prince Arisugawa, to represent the Mikado.

No one had time to ask M. Richepin what he thought of the English production of his "Du Barri" play—he fled from London the very morning after it was produced. This flying visit was quite what might have been expected of this vagabond poet. There was never anyone less tied to places or conventions than he. When he was

a boy his people wanted him, as one's people always do, to be quiet, and to plod and persevere until years should bring the "philosophic mind." That was not how Mr. Richepin understood life. Accordingly he quarrelled with his family. I regret to say, very violently, threw up his poorly-paid appointment as a provincial schoolmaster, and made off, penniless and free, on a trading vessel from Bordeaux.

In the moments left him by his rough life amongst the sailors he wrote verses, which have in them the turbulence of the sea. Then he gave up seafaring, and travelled with a band of gipsies, appeared as a wrestler in a fair, and finally wrote plays and audacious verse, which at last brought him fame. Soon Paris got to know of him, and he appeared, a Herculean figure of bronze, in his own play, "Nana Sahib," which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt produced with great magnificence. Those who saw M. Richepin, dressed as an Eastern prince, perishing with the divine Sarah in a bonfire at the end of his own play, could realise to the full what a delightful and fantastic personality he is.

Major-General Baden-Powell, who is just now studying the Italian system of cavalry training (a pleasant time to be in Italy) is making many friends there, as he does everywhere he goes. There is no one in the world more anxious to be popular. I recollect seeing him once at a children's party. There he was, making the same efforts to win the hearts of the tiny miles as he would have done if they had all been Cabinet Ministers. The only place where he has not been very popular was Mafeking, during and since the siege. That is not the usual view, I know, but it is the true one.

New York has dealt so harshly with Mr. Murray Carson's new play, "The Trifler," that he has felt himself obliged to give some explanation of its failure. He makes the rather lame excuse that he knew the plot of his own play so well himself that he forgot to put in the point! Personally there is generally more point about Mr. Carson's acting than about his plays. One night long ago in Birmingham there was almost too much point about it. In the play that night Mr. Carson had to gesticulate with a dangerously sharp dagger. As he did so he slipped, the dagger flew across the footlights, and just missed a man seated in the front row of the stalls. That man, whose life Mr. Carson so nearly ended, was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

That is a tragic piece of news for music-lovers which comes from Monte Carlo to the effect that Huberman, the celebrated violinist, has cut his finger so severely with a razor that he may never be able to play again. I am surprised to hear that M. Huberman allowed himself to use a razor at all. Violinists and pianists have to be extraordinarily careful not to hurt their hands, without which they must be silent and useless. One well-known violinist tells me that he never rides, never bicycles, never drives in hansom-cabs, for fear of some little sprain or bruise which might be as serious for him as blindness for the multitude of workers who live by the eyes.

Lady Duff-Gordon, I heard yesterday morning, is getting on as well as could be expected after her operation. She was a Mrs. Wallace before she married Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, and is one of the society women who have made decided successes in business. Under the now familiar name of "Lucille," and with little but her own pluck and cleverness to go upon, Mrs. Wallace founded one of the most celebrated dressmaking businesses in London. She herself was always perfectly dressed, her manners were irreproachable, and soon all the smart women in London ran up bills in her shop. Whether they ever paid them or not is immaterial. They at least carried the vast middle class behind, and the middle class always pays.

Lady Duff-Gordon, by the way, is a sister of Mrs. Clayton-Glyn, otherwise Mrs. Elmor Glyn, the clever inventress of Ambrosine and Elizabeth and the red-haired Evangeline. Mrs. Glyn, too, has, like most women, an unerring eye for business, and her books, with their names in gold, have made a complete conquest of the English public. They sell in thousands. Mrs. Glyn is an excellent amateur actress, and appears sometimes, looking very statuesque, in tableaux vivants. She has, like Evangeline, beautiful reddish-golden hair.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 20.—Two days of bright sunshine have worked wonders in the garden. Violets peep on every hand this morning; last week only one or two were to be found.

The daffodils are making great progress; in a few days all the early varieties will be out. Primroses begin to push the ground with colour. Very soon the beautiful doroicum will be in bloom. (This plant, the first tall perennial to flower, cannot be too widely grown.)

Lawn and meadow are swiftly growing greener. Humble celandines open their golden buds in mossy places. Birds are singing from daisy mound to sunset. In very truth "spring is here!"

E. F. T.

"BRITAIN FINDS A RIVAL IN JAPAN."



This most amusing cartoon by the celebrated M. Caran d'Ache has just appeared in the Paris "Journal." The first picture shows John Bull "owning the world"; the second represents his dismay at finding his ally, Japan, taking a hand at the same game. That is the French view of the world-situation.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Mad Mullah of Somaliland.

HE is either very mad or very sane. Five and a half years ago we decided that he must be suppressed, and set to work to do it. Now we have just made peace with him. He is no longer a mere mad fanatic, but a responsible leader. He is certainly no ordinary lunatic.

A mere lunatic does not manage to keep four British officers of high rank on the run, one after another, and then come out successful in the end.

That he is a wonderful leader and fighter now goes without saying, and he can certainly rule his men. He is just the type of person to do that. He stands close on seven feet high, and he is as strong as a Hercules. His well-shaped head, heavy black beard, prominent chin, and massive frame give him a truly commanding presence.

His religious pretensions, too, give him a great hold over his followers. As before a prophet he is surrounded by a "Sacred Guard" of picked horsemen, each of whom is between twenty and twenty-five years of age, over six feet in height, and even more fanatical than their leader.

It is a paying sort of madness for him, and an expensive sort of madness for us. We have had to pay some £3,000,000 for the pleasure of running after him—and not catching him.

WHAT THE SPRING SAYS.

A Poem by a Little Girl of Thirteen.

Fair Spring has come, in all her garments gay,
And cries to the trees, "Awake, put forth your buds!"

And to the birds, "Make music in the air;"
And to the hedgehog speaks, "Awake,
Ye dormant sleeper underground,
Come forth, and breathe the living air of heaven,
And catch ye flies, and eat,
After your long fast, away from light."

And as the feet of Spring soft press the grass

The plants do feel the warmth that radiates,
And thrust their heads above the imprisoning sod
That held them safe from frost-bite and from chill,
When bittier Winter held her reign,
Until the coming of the sun.

Oh, sing, ye birds, rejoice and be ye glad;
Winter has gone, with frost-bite and with chill,
And Spring is come, with radiance, warmth, and light.

Send forth, from those small throats, a flood of harmony,
And aid your mates to build those tiny nests
Which will be filled with young,
Who, in their turn, shall voice
The Anthem to the Spring.

—From "Violets," by Violet M. Firth.

SIEGE OF A SCHOOLMISTRESS.



Miss Charlotte Aspinall, once mistress of the school at Shelton, a village near Newark, Notts, refused to accept her dismissal or leave the house belonging to the school. Here she is seen standing outside the school, which she locked up to prevent its being used.



This is the house opposite the Shelton school, which the defiant schoolmistress refused to leave, and in which she has been besieged for many days. The school managers had the lock removed, but the lady screwed the door up, and defied them to turn her out.

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT BOATRACE.



Both the Oxford and Cambridge crews are now busy practising on the Thames. Our photograph shows the Oxonians bringing their boat from the boathouse.



THE FRENCH BURGLAR

LEADERS OF THE BAND OF "FORTY THIEVES."



Jacob, the leader, who is believed to be responsible for thefts amounting in value to £48,000, being led to the court for trial.



Lazarine Roux, who is said to be the chief woman accomplice of Jacob, the leader of the burglars.



Ephrosine Ferré, one of the men.



Fearing attempts at rescue, the French police have each man handcuffed between two officers while walking from the prison to the court. This is Bandy, another prisoner.



Jacob, chief of the gang of forty, now undergoing trial at the court.



Ferre, one of the chiefs of the gang, being handcuffed by the gendarmes as he leaves the prison-van.



This stock of elaborate burglary tools is believed to be the property of Pelissard, the ex-member of the gang.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF

TRUST UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS

ES" NOW ON THEIR TRIAL AT AMIENS.



ni, the wife of the principal society.



Marie Elizabeth Berthon, mother and alleged accomplice of Jacob, the leading spirit of the gang.



Adev, one of the prisoners, hiding his face from the camera, a show of modesty quite unusual with French criminals.



glars, twenty-six of whom are charged with ninety-five crimes.



Pelissard, formerly a member of the staff of the Anarchist journal, the "Cry of Revolt," who made the thieves' burglary implements.



re been manufactured for the gang of Anarchist anarchist paper, whose photograph is reproduced

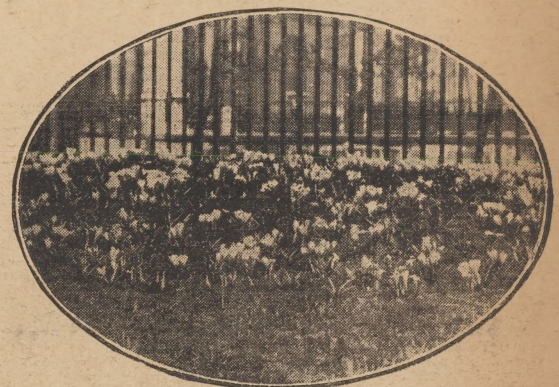


The prisoner Jacob descending from the prison van in the courtyard of the prison.

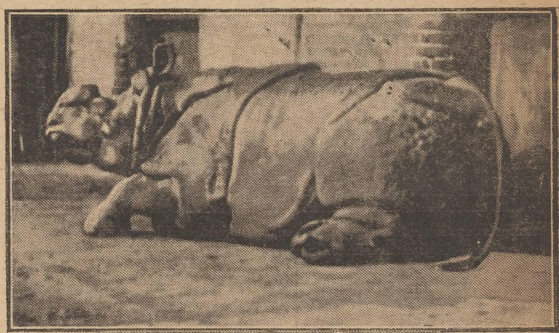
SIGNS OF SPRING IN LONDON,



The spring-like weather of the last few days has caused Hyde Park to be filled with a gaily-dressed throng enjoying the sunshine and displaying the coming-season fashions. On such an occasion the walks of Hyde Park present a scene unsurpassed in any capital in the world.



The crocuses in Hyde Park have, thanks to the sunshine, burst into a mass of bloom.



Even the rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens has felt the effect of the spring-like weather and come out to bask in the sunshine.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Lettice Pine-Coffin, a member of a Devonshire family, who will be married to-day to—



Captain Mark Kerr, of the Cameronians (the Scottish Rifles), at St. Paul's Church, Onslow square, W.

WHY BE RICH?

Trials of Wealth Pathetically Set Forth.

By BART KENNEDY.

That a heavy penalty is exacted from the rich man, because of the mere fact of his being rich, is to escape the view of the average mind. Indeed, apt to escape the view of minds that are rated above the average.

Orators have thundered forth denunciation against Dives, his deeds and his works. The exponents of religion have closed the gate of Heaven against him.

The poor man's general impression of the rich man is that he is a sort of wicked genic who can, at a wave of his hand, realise his most extravagant wishes. He thinks that the power of the rich is as a sword that can cleave its way through obstacles.

Truly is the power of gold as a sword that possesses magical properties. It is as a sword that is both ways. It is double of edge. It cuts the rider of it and the thing he cuts. And, moreover, it possesses not all the properties that the poor man tributes to it.

In the first place, the rich man cannot buy everything, even if the wealth of a thousand Indies were his command. And the things that he cannot buy are the best things the world has to give. He cannot buy friendship he cannot buy sympathy he cannot buy. Even the poor man will not that he cannot buy sympathy. These three most glorious and beautiful things of all—if he gets them—must be given to him with a free gift, the giver must have no thought as to the rich man's gold and its power. If such a thought enters at any time to enter the giver's mind, the golden gifts would once fade and they would assume ugly, evil shapes.

WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY.

Neither can nations buy patriotism. When a nation begins to depend upon its gold for its defence, that nation is about to fail. It is in its decadence. Gold could not buy a Nelson. Nor could it buy a Garibaldi, or a Tell.

Thus it will be seen that the power of the rich man is not so great as is generally supposed. Over the finest things of life his wealth gives him no control. Many people will, of course, say that they know all this, know all this, know all this, as if they knew the least thing about it. Indeed, they abuse the rich man roundly, blaming him for the misery of the world, and for everybody's incompetence, including their own. The trouble is that they are vexed because they are not rich themselves. It is a reversed case of sour grapes.

And the great responsibilities and the anxieties attendant upon wealth—I wonder if the carping or man ever thinks of them? And the fact that health is, after all, a gay, restless bird that may fly off at any moment, leaving the rich man not as poor as poor in pocket as the poor man, but much sorer and sadder in spirit—does this ever hit him?

Note the fluctuations in the great stock-marts of the world that destroy vast fortunes in a day, nay, sometimes in an hour.

And note the universal odium that falls upon the rich man. Why, often the poor fellow never has true friend through the whole course of his life.

And if, by the rarest sort of a chance, he has such a friend, he must be as subtle-witted as Socrates to be able to tell that he is real.

No, no one is really in sympathy with the rich man. And he is called hard names—very hard names. Sometimes I wonder that he doesn't curl up under them. He is called robber, thief, blood-sucker, and so forth.

He is indeed an Ishmael—all hands against him, his hand against all. To be sure he may laugh and smile, and pretend that he doesn't care. But he does care, for he is flesh and blood just as we are, and shares with us that common trait—a desire for the approbation and goodwill of our fellows.

If the poor man would only think on the subject a little he would see that he has a great many advantages over the rich man. For instance, the rich man can never experience the poor man's delicious enjoyment over a good square meal, because of the fact that he is never hungry enough. And he can never know how fine it feels to square up with the landlady after the fashion of the poor man who has been some weeks in arrears, and who has been threatened with having the door of his room locked against him.

POOR MAN KNOWS HIS FRIENDS.

And note the special facilities that the poor man has for the study of human nature. People act quite honestly—too honestly, he must sometimes think—towards him. They are their real selves—that is, as real as they know how. At least they pay him the compliment of not lying to him. Thus he is enabled to advance in wisdom, for, as everyone knows, the best thing for a man to study is man—man as he really is. And another important thing: he can tell who are his friends half a mile away.

Now the poor rich man—I say poor advisedly—never really sees a human being. He only sees a cloak.

But I hear a voice—and it is a poor man's voice—saying: "If the rich man's wealth is such a great bother and nuisance to him, why doesn't he give it away?"

My friends, you must ask me something easier. I don't know.

BART KENNEDY.

HERR HUBERMAN,



The celebrated violinist, who is said to have cut his thumb so badly that he can never play again.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

FLIRTATION OR FRIENDSHIP?

The only girl to whom the title "flirt" can properly be applied is one who is either engaged or married to a man and at the same time cultivates the society of other men in the absence of her fiancé or husband. "Worried" has my sympathies.

A. F. S.

SMOKING—NUISANCE OR BENEFIT?

Not long ago I saw a man get his hand caught in machinery. He had it crushed and torn almost to a pulp.

While he was waiting for the doctor to arrive, he asked that his pipe should be filled and lighted, so that he could smoke to stop him from fainting, which I certainly believe he would have done had he not been able to smoke.

T. S. WOODLEY.

Matlock.

SOUTHWARK OR SUTHERK?

I have heard several M.P.s pronounce this name—to mention two of whom will, I think, be sufficient, viz., the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Mr. R. K. Causton, the present member for West Southwark, both of whom invariably pronounced it Sutherk.

"K" will find it also so given in almost any geographical dictionary, and also in "The People's Encyclopedia."

The word south (Anglo-Saxon) is in some dictionaries given as south.

W. G. HAMMETT.

SWINDLING ARMY CONTRACTORS.

The tinned bacon which was supplied to the troops during the latter stages of the war was, in my opinion, worse than anything else.

The tins were nothing more nor less than 7lb. tins of fat, and as a rule, when the men had used a little for frying purposes the rest was thrown away as it was far and away too salt to eat.

In fact the whole tin looked like a mass of blubber, and I will guarantee that any man who was out in Africa and saw them will confirm my statement.

SUBALTERN.

Ross, Herefordshire.

"MAKERS OF MEN."

Such talk as that contained in President Roosevelt's speech commented upon in your leading article under this heading fills many rightly balanced minds, with a feeling of nausea.

How many good women of the present day, who have limited families, think they were made for "higher" things than the training of little ones? It is because they realise what an important task it is theirs that they shrink from bringing more children into the world than they can properly equip for the battle of life.

A woman is a wife as well as a mother. She is supposed to keep in touch with current events and literature, so that she may be a companion to her husband. She must have a well-ordered house and dainty meals, and always look nice, and wear a smiling face.

All this in addition to looking after the health, mind, soul, and body of her little ones, and all this with a weak, aching body. Can you wonder she revolts?

To fill the place of a present-day wife and mother a being not made of ordinary flesh, blood, and nerves is required. Women who seek to make their lot a little easier should not be branded as cowards, nor fit to cumber the earth, but should have the tenderest practical sympathy extended to them.

A MOTHER OF TEN.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER LXIII.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.—Job vii. 10.

For the whole of the rest of the day, after Lady Betty left the yacht, Anthony Heron and his secretary were immersed in business affairs.

The powerful, resolute brain was working at top speed. He seemed possessed by a fever; no detail escaped him; in those few hours he went through and sifted and arranged the mass of affairs that had neglected for the past two months. It came, indeed, as if he were going back to what Lady Betty had said was the life that he was made for.

He dined alone in his private cabin, which was waded up as a study, with all the severe simplicity at he affected in all his personal surroundings, and afterwards he sent a message to his secretary to call to the captain of the yacht, asking them to come to him as soon as they could.

They found him sitting at his desk, with a sheet of foolscap in front of him, which, they saw, was covered with his small, square handwriting.

"I want you to witness my will, if you will be kind, gentlemen," he said quietly.

The secretary, who had been with him for many years, and had a strong personal attachment for him, started a quick and troubled look at his employer's face. For a long time now he had been very anxious about him. The entire change that had been wrought in Tony, in his appearance, in his mode of life, had impressed no one so deeply

or so painfully as the young man who was in daily association with him, and, therefore, knew best of all that something very unusual, very far-reaching, very terrible must have happened so to change this mighty personality, that nothing had ever touched before.

"Don't you think it's very unlucky to make a will just before starting on a voyage, sir?" he asked, with assumed lightness.

"I should have thought it was just the right time," said Tony, with a little smile.

"The very best time," put in Captain Drake, who was a typical sailor, with a bluff and hearty manner, and a child's heart. He, too, was devoted to the owner of the magnificent *Niobe*. "Why, Mr. Heron, it's a sort of insurance policy!"

"You're not going to pretend that you're superstitious, are you, Williams?" asked Tony of his secretary, but he met the young man's eyes at that moment, and saw the trouble that he could not disguise, and rewarded him with a kindly smile.

The two men affixed their signatures to the document, which, by its brevity, seemed to be an extraordinarily simple disposition of such enormous wealth and such manifold interests as Anthony Heron possessed.

Then he offered them drinks, and they sat and chatted together for about an hour; and never had Tony showed himself so brilliant, so entertaining, or so irresponsibly gay.

He dismissed them by rising and saying that he was going to bed early, as he was going to start very early in the morning for a last motor-car trip into the mountains.

"I want to visit a certain place that I took a great fancy to once more before we leave," he said. "It is quite understood, is it not, Captain? I shall not get back until late to-morrow evening, I expect, and we weigh anchor next morning at ten o'clock."

"Quite so, Mr. Heron; quite so," said the

Captain. Then he bade Tony good-night in his hearty, breezy manner, and left the cabin.

But the secretary lingered. He looked again furtively and anxiously at his employer; but he did not seem to know quite what to say.

"Do you want anything, Williams?" Tony asked. His manner to those who were in any way dependent on him was always gentle and courteous. Now, there was even a note of affection in his magnetic, irresistibly attractive voice.

"I—I wanted to say, sir," the young man faltered, "how glad I am that you are going back."

"To life, eh, Williams?" Tony interrupted, with a strange bitterness in his voice, remembering what Lady Betty had said that very afternoon.

"Yes, sir, I mean—don't, please, think me officious, Mr. Heron—I am afraid you haven't been well lately, not yourself. I can never imagine you doing anything but working from morning till night."

"In fact," said Tony, with a pleasant little laugh, "you think I've been playing truant, Williams, and neglecting my work. And you're quite right. But now I'm going back to it. We're going to begin again, and see how much more money we can wring from the world's treasure-house—and God only knows for what!" He added the last words with a sudden fierceness; they sounded like a cry of despair.

Then he held out his hand.

"Good night, Williams. I give you permission to lecture me whenever you like. Pull me up sharp, there's a good man!" His voice grew faint with a sudden weakness that he could not control. "I shall need it often enough—I dare say."

"May I come with you to-morrow, sir?" asked the secretary boldly. Something he did not understand, but urgent beyond all telling, prompted him

(Continued on page 11.)

Consumption Can be Cured.



Derk P. Yonkerman, Specialist, Discoverer of a Remarkable Cure for Consumption.

To a renowned specialist the realms of medical science have at last yielded the secret of a mysterious specific which cures Consumption. This deadly disease need no longer strike terror to the hearts of those upon whom its blighting touch has fallen, for the healing power of this wonderful discovery is such that even sufferers given up to die have been by it restored to perfect health. Though sceptics may scoff, the irrefutable evidence of hundreds of patients cured—some after all other remedies tried and even changes of climate had proved of no avail—must silence and convince those who say that Consumption is incurable.

All who suffer from Consumption may prove for themselves how readily they can be cured by this remarkable treatment, so do not you allow the ignorant prejudice of others to prevail, and prevent you from investigating this cure. You need only send your name and address to the Derk P. Yonkerman Company, Ltd., Dept. 290, 6, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. They will immediately forward to you a trial treatment of this marvellous discovery.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

together with all information for the successful treatment and cure of Consumption or its allies bronchitis, asthma, and catarrh.

Write to-day, if you are in consumption. Do not hesitate. The trial treatment will convince you that there is now a cure for Consumption.

Biliousness. Sick-Headache.

When you are Bilious and Dizzy, have pains between the Shoulders, Appetite is variable, Sick-Headaches depress you, Sleep is disturbed, the Tongue coated white, and more particularly when feeling Fretful, Irritable, and generally Despondent, your Liver is out of order.

As a Remedy for this distressing condition there is nothing so safe, so pleasant, so remarkably effective as

Guy's Tonic.

Thousands of people have said so from experience. A trial will convince you of the fact. A few doses of Guy's Tonic will set right what is wrong, the Liver will perform its functions naturally, and the entire Digestive System will recover efficiency. Don't delay—get a bottle of Guy's Tonic now.

A Six-ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½, is on sale at all Chemists and Stores. Give it a trial to-day.



FREE WRITE FOR IT

To introduce my new Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Jewellery, Gold Watch, Gold and Silver Trifles, Gold and Silver Brooches, Send three penny stamps for postage and packing, and receive the brochure by return of post. For a few days only—**H. HARRIS, The Wire King, Winter Gardens, Blackpool.**

DON'T BEAT YOUR CHILDREN, but feed them well on Dr. Ridge's Food

YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT.

Work-Saver, clothes-saver, clothes-whitener, life brightener—Fels-Naptha. Makes wash-day half.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

Every Fourth Person You Meet Has It.

AN INSIDIOUS & DANGEROUS DISEASE

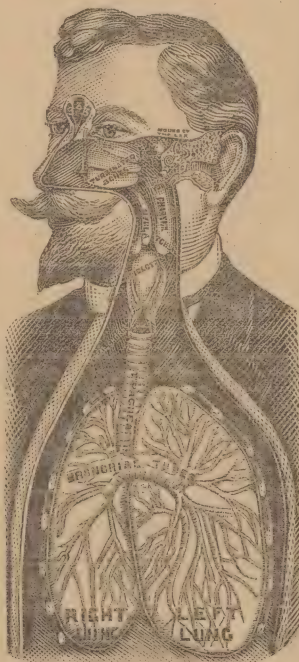
Which Affects the

NOSE, THROAT, EARS, AND AIR PASSAGES,

And causes Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis.

- Asthma, and Consumption. -

Catarrh is caused by a series of colds in the head. The first indications are a running at the nose, attended with a stopped-up feeling in the nose and air passages, frontal headache, deafness, difficulty in breathing, and a dropping of mucus into the throat, which throws off an offensive smell. The mucus thus secreted partially stops up the air vesicles of the lungs, inflames the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and bronchial surface, setting up catarrhal bronchitis, asthma, and consumption, accompanied with a dry or loose cough, and an unpleasant hawking and expectorating. In time the sense of smell and taste is seriously impaired, and the eustachian tubes leading to the ears become partially closed by the accumulation of purulent catarrhal mucus, and causes catarrhal deafness. The mucus which is constantly being secreted along the whole membranous surface, works its way down the alimentary canal into the stomach: catarrh of the stomach and intestines following. In time it becomes a persistent and constitutional disease, both dangerous and disagreeable, leaving the patient very susceptible to colds, and every additional cold aggravates the symptoms.



VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Kills the Germs of Catarrh.

Mr. Veno's reputation as a specialist is so well known throughout Great Britain that while he says will command attention from all thoughtful readers. He has studied carefully and all its ramifications more closely than any other disease. There are few cases, indeed, that he fails to cure. His success is of that high order that can only be obtained by close application, and exceptional facilities for its study and treatment.

HE SAYS—

"Catarrh being a progressive disease, a thorough constitutional treatment is necessary as a fundamental requisite for its permanent cure. A remedy is required to relieve the inflammation and restore the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, bronchi, and air cells of the lungs to its natural and normal condition.

"VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is the remedy that will accomplish this with great efficiency. I have never known a remedy to act so quickly or to meet the requirements so exactly. It has a special affinity for the mucus surface, and reaches the air passages of the head and lungs by means of the circulation. You will begin to breathe freely through the nose, your head will feel clear, the irritation will subside, the hawking and coughing, will be stopped, because the vile catarrhal poison is being conquered and the germs destroyed. The next consideration is to purify the blood and clear the system of all the poisonous matter which accumulates in the stomach and intestines, and often affects the kidneys and bladder. The remedy required for this is VENO'S SEAWEED TONIC, and for all-round potency its equal does not exist. This combined treatment is ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL if catarrh is to be thoroughly and permanently cured. It forms the most effective local and constitutional treatment it is possible to offer. I guarantee it with every confidence, and stand prepared to pay back the cost of the medicines if a failure should occur in any case of CHRONIC CATARRH, CATARRHAL BRONCHITIS, or CATARRHAL ASTHMA."

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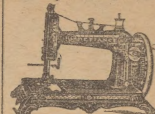
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